



On Campus with Mac Marlowe

(By the Author of "Holly Holed the Ping Pong" and
"Smother Boy with Chalk.")

DECK THE HALLS

The days grow short, the nights grow long, the north wind dark blue, and a light frost appears on the knees of roads. Christmas is nearer in, and once more our keen young minds turn to the vexing problem of Christmas gifts.

Let us examine first the most vexing of all gift problems: What do you buy for the person who has everything? Well, no, when you encounter this dilemma, the best thing to do is win it by the horns. Ask yourself this question: Does he truly have everything? Does he, for example, have a birthmark? A Much member? A Success test? An I-don't? An S-bank? A U-bolt? A T-square? A Prison stove?

(Then is, periodically, quite an interesting little story about how Francis tried to convert the above. Before Prince's invention, smoking was rather a hazardous occupation. People just built fires any old place—the floor, the closet, the entrance—and often as not the whole house would go up in flames along with the dinner. Prince, a good glazer of Fopkicker-on-Main, kept thinking there must be a more efficient way to cook. Finally, in a flash of inspiration, it came to him: Why not build a device to contain the fire and keep it from spreading?



—his trouble was to build it out of paper—

(Well sir, he built precisely such a device and named it after his beloved wife Marie. Prince's first Marie, it must be confessed, was less than a triumph; his mistake was in building it out of paper. The next Marie, built of wood, fared hardly better. Not until he made one out of metal could the Marie really be called a success.)

That same year the Marie was not entirely satisfactory. The trouble was that the Marie filled up with ash and became useless after a few weeks. It remained for Prince's son Frederick to conquer that problem. He invented a mechanism to remove ash from the bottom of the Marie and was therefore known to posterity as Frederick the Great.)

But I digress. We were discussing Christmas gifts. This year, in every year, a popular gift is the smoking jacket. And what do the smoking jackets smoke? Why, Marlboro, of course—every man jacket of them. And why wouldn't they smoke Marlboro? Why wouldn't anybody with a taste build it in his head? You get such a lot to like in a Marlboro—like . . . flavor . . . Rip-roar box.

Here is no filter to follow the clouds and keep the eye-balls, here is a filter that draws size and away. Here is no filter to pale and pall; here is a filter that feeds, even smokes. Here is no filter pack to crumble and cloud in perilous smog; here is a sturdy box that keeps each cigarette plump and precise.

Smoking or smoking, the year's most universal gift from a brand-new cigarette lighter that never needs recharging. You are smoking. You are smoking you have heard such things before. But it's true. I promise you. This new lighter never, never needs recharging. The fuel supply lasts forever. Of course, there are certain disadvantages. For one thing, the lighter is rather bulky—(3) but long and these clouds high.

But look on the bright side: As the fuel runs out, you can just smoke it in.

Good to give, good to receive, at Christmas or any other time is a certain of Rip-roar Marlboro, whose modern like promise in keeping you this volume throughout the school year.



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